

The Critic

Published Weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.
NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1890.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at The Critic office, No. 743 Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano's, and the principal newsdealers in the city. Boston: Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Chicago: Brentano's. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. Denver, Colorado, C. Smith & Son. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of Nuova Antologia.

Literature

The Philological Society's Dictionary*

AN INSTALMENT of about 350 pages is the offering Dr. Murray has made for the year 1889 to the subscribers to his great dictionary of the English language. Volume second begins with the letter C; the first part of that letter appeared in 1888; perhaps we may have the rest during the present year, though the chances are against it, owing to the great mass of words in *co*, *col*, *com*, and *con* which must be treated if Dr. Murray holds through C to the very generous scheme on which the letter B was conducted. Meantime one can not but admire the more than Germanic thoroughness with which the undertaking is carried on. Time is of no account, if by taking counsel the dictionary can be made more exact and complete. Contributors may die and even Dr. Murray be gathered to the lexicographers who before this have built them cenotaphs of print; but the New English Dictionary will always be ready to justify its title by supplying another instalment which will be new. The difficulty of all dictionaries and cyclopædias framed on broad principles yet carried out minutely is peculiarly severe in this case. Instead of rising, all about the same time, from a wide bed carefully prepared and duly sown, instead of coming up like spring wheat, a dictionary of this kind grows in detachments. It is like the Virginia creeping plant which moves very slowly across a stone by taking root at the tip of one of its long fronds. In good season the plant shifts forward and reaches out again with another long leaf that will presently turn into a root. But the old roots—what about them? They die and are broken up. So in the coming years when Dr. Murray or his successor reaches the letters F and G, for example, will not philology have made havoc of the definitions in A and B? One of the most needed traits in a lexicographer is self-assurance. Perhaps Dr. Murray has no fears on this score, therefore, and we waste our sympathy on him.

The space given to a single word in this dictionary is truly awe-inspiring. Take, as an instance, the word that begins this instalment. There are seven pages in triple columns for the word, divided into 83 main paragraphs and these paragraphs separated into xiv. sections. Section xiii. gives *cast* in combination with adverbs; so we get: 70, *cast about*; 71, *cast aside*; 72, *cast away*; 73, *cast back*; 74, *cast behind*; 75, *cast by*; 76, *cast down*; 77, *cast forth*; 78, *cast in*; 79, *cast off*; 80, *cast on*; 81, *cast out*; 82, *cast over*; 83, *cast up*. Then we have, as a separate word, *cast*, the participial adjective, and next, *cast*, an obsolete form for *chaste*. Some of the above *casts* with adverbs are treated very extensively. Thus *cast up* has nearly a column to itself. Why, one asks naturally enough, should so much space be allowed to these shades of meaning, when they might be condensed into a few lines? The reason lies in the endeavor to include quotations in which the word appears, taken from English at different epochs. There is, or there is imagined to be by the zealous word-critic, a shade of dif-

ference between each usage of the word and the other examples. But it may be fairly maintained that zeal has got the better of discretion in a thousand cases, and that a great number of the quotations are quite useless save to an extremely limited class of persons. Such a treatment of a given word belongs to a special treatise in the Proceedings of a Philological Society, rather than the pages of a dictionary, which ought to present as many facts as possible, but condensed, like intellectual pemmican. The greatest test of a lexicographer, indeed, is that of knowing what to omit. So far as this dictionary has gone, it must be said that Dr. Murray has yielded too much to the besetting temptation of makers of lexicons: he has not known how to stay his hand.

Nevertheless, the whole language is not included in these slowly published tomes. *Cay*, in the sense of *dungeon*, is not given among obsolete terms; *cat* meaning a certain rig for sailboats and the boat itself is omitted. But words of science are finding their way in faster than was proposed by the prospectus. Derivations are more carefully looked to; but they are not made at all prominent. Usually, when there is doubt on this score the statement is made and one or two theories advanced; very often, however, the word is labelled of 'unknown origin.' *Church* with its compounds covers six pages and a half, and its origin is discussed at length, with the conclusion (of great antiquity) that it comes from Greek *kuriakón*, 'the Lord's,' with 'house' understood. This old explanation has at least two parallels which are very tempting, one in Latin, the other in Irish, where 'the Lord's house' has come to mean a church and 'the Lord's day' Sunday—the Irish example being derived from the Latin word. That explanation remains, nevertheless, unsatisfactory. Probably the word did not come at all from the Greek (there being two other Greek words, *ekklesia* and *basiliká* in common use for church in the early Christian times), but is to be sought in some tongue of northern Europe. The origin of *clever* is not attempted: 'early history obscure; applied in local and colloquial use long before it became a general literary word.' Under *chaise* the usual course is followed of connecting it with *chair*, as if the latter were the true form and *chaise* (French) a variant; whereas it is much better to connect *chaise* with *casa*, meaning the portable litter or little house in common use for women, invalids and effeminate men before chairs were used. Both *chair* and *chaise* are far more likely to come from the Gaulish Latin word representing *casa*, than from Greek *kathedra* as Skeat gives it and Dr. Murray repeats. So we get in old French *chastel* from *castellum*, the root being the same.

The scholarship shown in this dictionary is, however, very great and will cause the volumes to be highly prized by students of English. The little treatises that usher in a letter are particularly interesting, entering as they do into the question of pronunciation, not in English alone but in many other tongues. The system of appealing to amateurs in philology continues. Dr. Murray issues with this instalment a request for quotations which explain or illustrate a long list of words between *co-acervate* and *compenser*.

Swinburne's "Ben Jonson"*

THERE ARE CRITICS—and critics. Saintsbury criticises a statement of Prof. Mahaffy's, who criticised Descartes because he was 'clear and correct rather than grand or amusing,' the Professor's remark implying that the philosopher's style had failed in these particulars. Another critic's notion of criticism is that it must be one continuous burst of eulogy 'from start to finish.' This is Mr. Swinburne's notion. His 'Ben Jonson' is 130 pages of turgid, one might say torrential eulogy, interspersed, to be sure, here and there with sprinkles of dissent, but on the whole Mississippi-like in the vehemence and fertility of its panegyric. In the opening sentence Jonson is compared to a demi-god, and from this

* A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by J. A. H. Murray. Part V. (Vol. II.) Cast—Clivy. \$3.95. New York: Macmillan & Co.

* A Study of Ben Jonson. By A. C. Swinburne. \$1.50. New York: Worthington Co.

elevation his critic never descends except to show how Hyperion *could* occasionally become a satyr and plunge into the Tartarus of filth. His demi-godhood being established—the climax being attained in the first utterance of the volume,—nothing remains but a jumble of iterated and reiterated praise, a discussion without method, without fruit, without conclusion. It is a jungle of words, of alliterations, from which there is no escape till one lays down the book in sheer weariness, and wonders what has become of all the genius and music that stream Aurora-like through Mr. Swinburne's poems to die in dribble when he attempts to write prose. One wonders, too, what such critics as Pater or Hutton would have made out of 'rare Ben,' and laments that the author of 'Cynthia's Revels' and 'The Alchemist' had not fallen into their discriminating hands. For criticism is nothing if not discriminating. To lavish such words as 'heroic,' 'magnificent,' 'superb' at every step in a so-called 'study' of a great poet, is to do him a cruel wrong. To Mr. Swinburne there are but two extremes,—those of the two sisters in Perrault's fairy-tale. If he likes a writer, he resembles the beautiful sister from whose lips only pearls and diamonds fell every time she opened them. If he likes him not, the unfortunate bantling is the ugly sister who spewed out only toads and serpents. The delectable gradations between toads and pearls, between diamonds and serpents, he sees not, neither does he care. His criticism is therefore purely a matter of morning meal or indigestion, of temperament or of temper. Beyond this it has no value, except that it reveals a very intense, excitable, high-strung character, liable to go off at all sorts of tangents and wound all sorts of sensibilities. Mr. Swinburne's *forte* or fortress is poetry: from that he should not issue into the plains of criticism, where a hundred contemporaries can overcome him in single combat. As long as he sticks to his beautiful poetic eyrie, he is unapproachable; when he leaves it, he is all heel, like Achilles,—vulnerable at every point.

Besant's "Bell of St. Paul's" *

MR. BESANT'S 'The Bell of St. Paul's' might have for second title 'The Belle of Bankside.' She is daughter of a poet—a poet of whom no one has read, but who is led to believe himself famous on evidence that would not be received by the Society for Psychical Research. She lives with her father, who deserted the world when his first and only book fell flat, and whose continual talk is of the men who envied or did not properly appreciate him—Thackeray and Dickens and Douglas Jerrold and Monckton Milnes. Their acquaintances are a select company of amiable cranks, a lawyer's clerk who prides himself on being in the 'higher branch' of the profession; a Hungarian revolutionist of '48; the lawyer's clerk's sister, who is 'in the Church' in the capacity of pew-opener; another of his sisters who has deserted the Establishment to found, as Prophetess, a connection of her own; a doctor who devotes himself to the poor of the neighborhood; and the doctor's adopted son, offspring, in reality, of a Spitalfields Gypsy, whom he has given a scientific education at Heidelberg, and who has become the youngest member of the Royal Society. To these good, quiet folk, leading a sort of pre-Victorian existence, comes an Australian cousin—young, handsome, active, rich, intelligent—all that is needed, in short, to set things booming, and change the idyll into an epic. Of course, there is a mystery, transparent to the reader, vaguely discerned by some of the people in the tale. There is a plot concocted by the Fellow of the Royal Society and his Gypsy brother, astute as such a plot should be. These elements will be gratefully received by the old-fashioned reader, who likes his novels seasoned with plot and mystery; but Althea rowing the Australian up to Chelsea, or taking him through the Southwark slums to show him where once stood the Globe Theatre, the Falcon Inn and Paris gardens; Althea, in her turn being

led, by the poet, past the tavern haunts of his old associates, while Fleet Street rings with applause of The Poet, not the same but a prize-fighter, and the two take the ovation to themselves; Althea, again, in her boat, in a wonderful, Turner-esque sunset—these are pictures which will remain in the reader's fancy and to which he will turn again ere he takes up a fresh volume.

Rossetti as Painter and Poet *

ADMIRERS of Dante Gabriel Rossetti will find in the volume written by his brother, William Michael Rossetti, being a record of the life-work of the poet painter, lovingly and carefully compiled, abundant food wherewith to satisfy their cravings for minutiae concerning the birth and progress to final fruition of a remarkable genius. This book is divided into two sections, one treating of Rossetti's paintings and designs, 'to which a tabular list of works of art serves as an appendix,' and the other of his writings, supplemented by an index of writings, and also by the prose paraphrase of 'The House of Life.' The first is avowedly more full of detail, in that Rossetti was 'professionally a painter, not a man of the literary calling.' Brief and succinct is the page of biography with which the author introduces his book and recalls his gifted brother:—

Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, who from 1850 or thereabouts, called himself Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was the son of Gabriele Rossetti, a political exile from the Neapolitan kingdom, and of Frances Mary Lavinia (Polideri), an Englishwoman of parentage Italian (Tuscan) on the father's side. He was born in London on 12th May, 1828. Gabriel Rossetti was Professor of Italian in King's College, London, and subsisted by teaching his language. . . . Dante Gabriel was educated in King's College School, which he quitted in or about 1843, to study as a painter, becoming a student in the Antique School of the Royal Academy, and afterwards benefiting from the friendly guidance of the painter, Ford Madox Brown. In 1848, he associated himself with three rising artists—William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, and Thomas Woolner—in founding the so-called Præraphæelite Brotherhood, with a view to a reform or re-development of the art. . . . Rossetti exhibited his first oil-picture, 'The Girlhood of Mary, Virgin,' in 1849. . . . In 1860 he married Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, daughter of a Sheffield cutler—she died in 1862. Rossetti published his first volume, the translation, named 'The Early Italian Poets,' in 1861; in 1870 appeared the volume 'Poems,' and in 1881, the same volume with some modification of its contents, and the 'Ballads and Sonnets.' He died on 9th April, 1882, at Birchington-on-Sea, near Margate. The final stage of his disease was uræmia; but insomnia, dating from about 1867, and consequent abuse of chloral as a soporific, were the root of the evil. At Birchington he lies buried, under a figured Irish cross monument designed by Madox Brown.

It was not until a year or so after Rossetti left school and entered the drawing academy that the poems of his immortal namesake, Dante, began to influence him seriously. Hitherto his favorites had been Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Byron ('for a while reigning supreme'), Shelley, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson and ('eclipsing all predecessors for some years') Browning. Bailey's 'Festus' and the poems of Keats also took high place in his heart. But afterwards Dante's poems 'rooted deeply and germinated rapidly in his mind.' That his taste as a painter was equally subject to the mutations of time is evinced by his letter to a friend about his early and famous 'Girlhood of Mary, Virgin,' of which the mediæval fantasies are well-known. 'I assure you it quite surprised me (and shamed me a little) to see what I did fifteen years ago, when I was twenty.' Between this first effort in a school of art since so widely discussed and criticised and the final achievements of his brush—a small 'Proserpine' and a 'Joan of Arc Kissing the Sword of Deliverance,' 'the very last canvases to which he set his hand, stiffening within the clasp of Death'; between the poem of 'The Blessed Damozel,' written in his nineteenth year, and his completion of 'The Dutchman's Pipe,' during his latter days of illness—this story of Rossetti's life is crowded with interesting detail.

* Dante Gabriel Rossetti as Designer and Writer. By William Michael Rossetti. 2s. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

* The Belle of St. Paul's. By Walter Besant. 3s. New York: Harper & Bros.

Gypsy Songs*

'THROUGH ROMANY SONGLAND' wanders with the Gypsies through Hungary, Spain, Russia, England, Scotland, and even a bit of Hindustan and Arabia. The author is evidently in sympathy with her subject, and lingers with pleasure over the quaint and characteristic fancies of the roving people she describes. The Wallachian Gypsies, she tells us, speak of death as 'the betrothed of the world'; they have a superstition which gives a soul to all flowers, and only the sinless flower is scentless—certainly a curious and subtle metaphysical suggestion. Some of the songs are grotesque and some meaningless, but others have the mild poetry and pathos of an untamed race. None are more charming than the 'Soleares,' quoted from Miss Stutell's volume of 'Spanish and Italian Folk-Songs':—

- 'Passing thy door, I said
An "Ave Maria" for thee,
Even as wert thou dead.'
- 'Thy love is like the winds that range,
And mine is like the unshaken rock
That knows no change.'
- 'Gypsy maid, when thou art dead
Let them with my very heart's blood
Mark the gravestone at thy head.'
- 'I will die, that I may see
Whether death can end this frenzy,
This thirst for thee.'

Nor than the following little 'espièglerie' from Mr. Leland's collection of Anglo-Romany songs:—

- If I were your little baby,
If you were my mother old,
You would give me a kiss, my darling,
'Oh, sir, you are far too bold.'
- But as you are not my mother,
But as I am not your son;
Ah, that is another matter,
So, maybe, I'll give you one.

The little volume has apparently nothing very new or striking to offer, but it is convenient and readable and may prove useful to those interested in such lore. It may interest the reader of this book to see what Mr. Korbay, the accomplished Hungarian musician, has to say of the Gypsies on page 86 of last week's CRITIC.

"James G. Birney and His Times"†

WITHIN THE PAST few months, there have appeared three books relating to the anti slavery agitation, one by a survivor who was actively engaged in it, and the other two by sons of the actors in the mighty struggle. These books, duly reviewed in THE CRITIC, are Mr. Eli Thayer's 'Kansas Crusade' and 'William Lloyd Garrison: The Story of His Life, Told by his Children'; and now we have another filial offering to the memory of a noble father. This time, the son is himself a veteran of the War, in which he was brevetted a Major-General. The reading of these three books has profoundly impressed at least one reader with the feeling which the historian William H. Prescott once expressed—namely, that he liked the heroes he wrote about to be under ground at least two hundred years. Things get cooled off by that time. When the volcanoes are extinct, it is more easy to study the strata. So far from being discouraged concerning the credibility of ancient history, as was Sir Walter Raleigh, we are all the more led to respect its cumulative verdicts, after reading books like the trio we have named. The battles of ink, the defensive fortresses of biography and the polemics of personality seem too violent for the disinterested to form calm judgment.

Nevertheless, there is need of the book before us, and our thanks are due to Gen. Birney for this story of the life and

* Through Romany Songland. By Laura Alexandrine Smith. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.

† James G. Birney and His Times. By William Birney. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

times of the founder of the Republican party. It is an animated and animating story from which dulness is absent. Born of pure Protestant Scotch-Irish stock in Kentucky, of a father whose chief reading was *The Federalist* and Gibbon's 'Rome,' this earnest Southron studied slavery only to dissect it in the light of morals. He passed through all the phases of opinion and attitude concerning it, even that of colonization, and came to believe in immediate abolition as early as 1834. Driven out of Kentucky he went to Ohio, and as editor began his noble work as a crusader in freedom's cause. Unlike Garrison, he did not live to see the War, but died, after twelve years of invalid life, in 1857. His work was nobly done. He had aroused the moral sentiment of that vast portion of Bible-loving Christian people, who feared, despised and rejected the Garrisonians, and who yet hated slavery. Mr. Birney was a patriot of the noblest stamp, who believed that under the teachings of Christianity, and in the proper outworkings of the ideas on which this nation was founded, slavery would be speedily abolished. Holding to convictions which the editor of *The Liberator* railed at, he accomplished a work as great and as morally sublime as that wrought by the great denouncer of the Constitution. Gen. Birney's book is a well-arranged, well-printed, well-bound, and well-indexed volume, with preface, bibliography and other useful and necessary equipment. It will find many readers North and South, and take its place among works of value to the future historian. Out of cold facts some master-mind in the coming century will construct the final story of that mighty moral movement whose centre was not in Boston, though there be many who may laboriously attempt to prove the oft-made assertion. The extinction of slavery in the United States was not an accident: it was an evolution; and in the spirit of this idea, Gen. Birney has proceeded in his work. Like the other two books named, it is to the critic too hot, and some of the polemics hurt rather than help the argument, while the personalities and quotations of certain newspapers are in some cases entirely needless.

"The Story of Tonty"*

IT SEEMS almost beyond belief that the name of Henri de Tonty, the lieutenant of La Salle, is almost unknown to the American people. Though without him La Salle could not have succeeded in doing one half of the work of diplomacy and exploration which he accomplished, yet Tonty's name has been left almost wholly in shadow. The name of La Salle is thickly sprinkled over counties, cities, towns and streets in the Mississippi Valley; that of Tonty (so spelled) adorns an obscure way-station near Centralia, Illinois. Except for Tonty's father, whose name is connected with insurance and embalmed in the term Tontine, we should have no verbal echo of the lion-hearted Italian. In the dainty little sketch by the author of 'The Romance of Dollard,' we have a romance in which Tonty is the chief figure. With a delicacy of touch and a self repression in details that seem very much like genius, the romancer lightens up the background of historic fact with other figures unknown to the historian, but true to unchanging nature. Mrs. Catherwood shows us that what sustained the conquering and unconquerable explorers was woman's love. The only softener of this man of noble granite was a spirit-like girl who regarded the love of her womanhood as sin. La Salle dies without the fruition of hope, but Tonty led his bride to the altar. Both manly characters are strongly outlined. With equal vigor and delicacy, Jeanne le Ber and Barbe Cavelier—two women whose soul-fibres were woven on vastly different looms of heredity—are made to move before us. They are intensely real, human creatures, these products of French homes and convents. This short but powerful story, in which for the second time the author shows her power, is illustrated by an artist who is in thorough sympathy with

* The Story of Tonty. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. \$1.25. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

his themes and understands them; and it is otherwise handsomely mounted in book form. The romancer's style is light, illuminating, crisp and strong; but we think her frequent references to the historic facts in foot-notes on the same page mars her fine art. If notes must be inserted, let them be at the rear, and not act as eyesores. They disturb the pathos and movement of the story. In the foot-note on page 40, besides the obvious misprint in the Latin, dependence on Garreau has led her astray. Onontio is not a literal translation of the French governor Montmagny's name, nor was it original with the Iroquois. Instructed by the priests or interpreters as to its meaning, the savages rendered it into their tongue by a free translation meaning the 'clear or beautiful mountain,' as Cuog in his 'Lexique Iroquois' shows.

Recent Fiction

'A MARCH IN THE RANKS,' by Jessie Fothergill, is such a thoroughly healthy novel that it is a pleasure to read it. It deals with the struggles and successes of a family of clever young people who have to make their own way—a situation which always enlists the sympathy of the reading world. Godfrey Noble is a strong character—strong in his very inaction. In his decided individuality, which is far from eccentricity, and by his bearing in the various trying situations in which he is placed, he gives an impression of positive manliness. In the midst of the morbid sensationalism of to-day, it is pleasant to encounter a courageous, simple nature like that of Godfrey Noble. In the character of Hilda Noble, the author strikes a subtle blow at Woman's Rights. She shows how an intellectual woman can rise by her exertions to a high and responsible position, and yet that these very exertions so undermine her strength that she becomes unfitted for her work and is almost forced to accept the more protected and dependent position of a wife. It may be said that it is not Hilda's work alone which weakens her, but every woman has a soul-history, and even our intellectual sisters would not wish to be exempt. Aligon is an exceptional character, yet one could hardly call her unnatural. Such strong, imperious natures are sometimes met with among women, and their influence is great, particularly on others of their sex. It seems as if the love of men were not sufficient for them: they must strive also for that of women. Aligon's vitality, which is so distinctly felt, shows to a certain extent the influence of the times upon all writers—that materialistic tendency which takes into account many physical influences which were formerly but little understood and more generally ignored. This book does not quite equal 'The First Violin,' in charm and simplicity, but it contains interesting studies of character and possesses a strong human interest. The personages act and react upon each other as in real life. On finishing the book one does not cast it aside as one does most novels, but keeps it to lend or to re-read. (\$1. Holt's Leisure Hour Series.)

IN 'AN OCEAN TRAGEDY,' by Clark Russell (50 cts.), the real interest begins after the tragedy is over. There is an elopement, a pursuit and a duel, and one of the principal characters being thus got rid of, the others are neatly packed on board a yacht and wafted to the middle of the Atlantic in time to witness a submarine explosion and to be wrecked on the islet of hot lava which it throws up. Lifted on top of the lava heap, like the ark upon Ararat, the survivors of the wreck find an old Spanish galleon, thickly encrusted with mother-of-pearl shells and all manner of corals, in whose phosphorescent cabin they made themselves as comfortable as tropic heat and tempests will permit, until they are taken off by a passing brig. In 'Marooned' (25 cts.), by the same author, the story is, again, a little tedious until the author gets his pair of lovers set ashore on an uninhabited tropical island, when his talent for minute description of natural wonders comes into play. In this particular, it would be hard to point out his equal. (Harper & Bros.)

'THE CRIME of Sylvestre Bonnard,' from the French of Anatole France by Lafcadio Hearn, is a charming story charmingly translated. In the introduction the translator says all one could wish to say about this dainty old-man's tale, so that what remains is to speak of the charm of the translation. In this Mr. Hearn is one's ideal, for only a descendant of Frenchmen could preserve in our stiff English the graceful turns of the French speech. One little phrase, 'faire les yeux doux,' translated by him into 'making soft eyes' is a very happy as well as a literal translation, and expresses as no other words could the expression of some women's eyes. Sylvestre Bonnard, the old book-lover, is a most lovable creation; his very

crime is endearing. His kidnapping of Jeanne seems the most natural thing in the world, and so does his fatherly jealousy of the young student who is in love with her. The book is full of quaint scenes that one feels tempted to quote at large. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.) — 'JULIUS COURTNEY; or, Master of His Fate,' by J. Maclaren Cobban, is a book that runs in the groove of to-day, for it deals with the marvels of electricity and hypnotism. These subjects, still in the infancy of their development, are of fascinating interest, and the book before us, although having to do principally with future possibilities, leads us so carefully from the known to the unknown, that the dividing line is unnoticed, and we are led to believe in seeming miracles. The darker side of hypnotism is shown; for if it could ever be developed as in the case of Julius Courtney, it would constitute a terrible power for ill, and the possessors of it would need to be watched as Inspector Byrnes's detectives shadow noted thieves even when no warrant is out for their arrest. The public will probably soon tire of 'hypnotic novels,' now that hypnotism has become the stock-in-trade of poor and indifferent as well as of good writers. (25 cts. Appleton's Gainsborough Series.)

A MAN MAY be forgiven a few infelicities of speech who writes in English and signs himself Roman I. Zubof, and, at present, our interest in Russian life and manners is such that he would be sure to be forgiven if he would only tell us something new about them. But Mr. Zubof prefers to write in the character of an English peer, and to people his novel—'Viera; A Romance twixt the Real and the Ideal'—with ghosts and with mortals who are no better than ghosts, and to pad it with page after page of crude and empty speculation. We suppose that Mr. Zubof is quite young (the fact that he pays the expense of publishing his book goes far to prove it). He should be open to advice, therefore; and we should advise him, the next time he sets pen to paper, to drop the ideal and the ghostly, and to give us of the real only what he knows to be such from personal experience. (\$1.50. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

'BLIND LOVE,' by Wilkie Collins, is the last book of a writer who was almost great. By their curious construction of plot, his works tickled in older readers that wrinkle in the brain that causes children to delight in a dissected map or a rebus. The personnel of the tales, as a rule, were simply pawns to be moved in a difficult game of chess. One never felt that a scene was the necessary outcome of certain circumstances acting upon living beings, but that the scene had been decided upon, and the people were dovetailed in to fit it. Wilkie Collins was a master of plot; but as the reading public to-day demands studies of character, and cares for plot only incidentally, his books had lost their vogue even before he died. In 'Blind Love,' which was finished by Walter Besant from notes made by Mr. Collins, we have an intricate plot, with murders, false burials and other sensational paraphernalia. In this, as in most of the novels by the same author, we have examples of great devotion on the part of women. Usually a clever, bad woman is subjugated by an insipidly good one—a phenomenon little known in the actual world. If we read this book through, it is because it is the last utterance of a famous writer of another period—one who was so conservative that his art was uninfluenced by the new mode of thought. (50 cts. Appleton's Town and Country Library.)

LABOULAYE'S charming Arabian tale, 'Abdallah,' comes to us in dark blue and gold cover, and very handsomely printed, from Chicago. The publishers acknowledge the courtesy of Harper & Bros. in permitting the use of Miss Booth's spirited and faithful translation. In the dress they have given it, the story of the four-leaved shamrock, found leaf by leaf—first the copper, then the silver, then the gold, last the diamond leaf—by the brave and generous Abdallah, should win a place in every family library. (\$1. A. C. McClurg & Co.) — OF AN EPISODE of the abortive Irish insurrection of 1848, with which a love-affair has been rather skilfully interwoven, Mr. Justin H. McCarthy has constructed a little story that can be read through in an hour, and will serve to pass so much time agreeably. Mac Murchad of the Red Tower, his friend Brian Fermanagh, and his love, Miss Geraldine, the 'Lily Lass' of the title, are romantic personages in the manner of Mr. Dion Boucicault's heroes and heroines; but the principal incidents of the story are facts, only slightly disguised. (25 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

IT IS UNDERSTOOD that Mr. William Black offers his readers a very restricted choice of entertainment. It is either green lanes and Highland tarns, or green-rooms and Piccadilly. In 'Prince Fortunatus,' salmon fishing and deer-stalking alternate with amateur and private theatricals. There is the usual vainglorious young man, this time a comic-opera singer; and the customary impres-

sionable young woman, this time a Neapolitan. When the London season is over, the singer is asked to a shooting-lodge in Rosshire. When the shooting is done, he shows his aristocratic friends behind the scenes in the New Theatre. Hearts are broken, salmon are gaffed, illusions dissipated; there is a picturesque medley of reporters and ladies and gillies and chorus-girls; and, in the last chapter, the singer plays a game of poker, is laid up with a fever, is relieved of an engagement to a calculating young Englishwoman, and enters on another with the impressionable young Italian. Illustrated. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)

A PLEASANT sketchy story, with a rather improbable plot, is 'Mrs. Fenton,' by W. E. Norris. The heroine is a young person with charming ways and fetching eyelashes, who comes back from New South Wales, in answer to an advertisement calling for the heirs of the late Dean of St. Cyprian's College, Oxford, to assume possession of a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds. She calls upon the Dean's lawyers, declares herself to be the Dean's daughter who at seventeen ran away from home and married her music master, announces the death of her husband three years before, and takes possession of the property, ousting a nephew adopted by the Dean, Mr. Frederick Musgrave, who has been kept in ignorance till now of her existence, and who has been brought up to consider himself the heir. Musgrave, a good-natured, easy-going young fellow about town, half in love with a pretty Miss Susie Moore, falls under the spell of the widow, and is about to marry her, when her Atræa Cura, in the shape of an old theatrical manager, appears, and threatens to expose 'Mrs. Fenton' as a fraud. At this point of affairs, the lady, who is really an ex-music-hall-singer once married to the widower of the Dean's unhappy daughter, decides to renounce her dream of happiness and grandeur. To her affianced she writes a letter saying that she is about to run away because there is nothing else to be done, that she has deceived him from first to last, and has now been found out, and that all the money she has spent since her arrival in England has been stolen by her from him. Mrs. Fenton is drowned while crossing the English channel. Fred marries Susie, and the reader is left to regret an interest excited even passingly, by the cleverness of the author, for a type of womanhood fortunately rare in polite society. (\$1. Holt's Leisure Hour Series.)

The Lounger

MR. CHARLES P. JOHNSON writes to *The Athenæum* of Feb. 8 that, 'after much seeking,' he has 'at last obtained a copy of *The Corsair*, which is, in England at all events, perhaps the scarcest of all Thackerayana,' and 'essential to the bibliographer of Thackeray's writings.' He identifies several of Thackeray's eight letters from Paris to the New York weekly of which N. P. Willis was associate editor, with certain articles afterwards republished by Thackeray in 'The Paris Sketch-Book.' These are the letters printed (after the writer's death) by John Camden Hotten in a little book called 'The Student's Quarter; or, Paris Five-and-Thirty Years Since,' in which the publisher made every effort to conceal the source from which the letters were derived. Mr. Johnson's communication is apropos of a letter in *The Athenæum* of Aug. 7, 1886, in which a certain 'T. H. L.' traced, 'in general terms, the first appearance of a part of the 'Sketch-Book' to *The Corsair*. He reprints Willis's letter (published Aug. 24, 1839), announcing his success in securing Thackeray as the paper's Paris correspondent, and felicitates himself upon having made a great discovery. Yet in *THE CRITIC* of April 26, 1884, the story of Thackeray's connection with the American periodical was related at length, and this same letter of Willis's reprinted, together with an extract from Thackeray's first contribution to *The Corsair*. And in these columns again, two weeks later, appeared a letter from Prof. Henry A. Beers, Willis's biographer, throwing additional light on the subject. Mr. Johnson should consult the files of *THE CRITIC* in the British Museum before writing further on this interesting theme.

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in an excellent article in *Harper's Young People*, on 'Writing for the Press,' says that a writer should never plead want of a subject to write about, and argues that he should take such a plea as an indication that his work lies in some other direction than that of authorship. I must beg leave to differ with Mrs. Sangster. My experience with writers proves that they like to have subjects suggested to them. If an editor writes, 'Do send me an article,' the author is very apt to write back that he has nothing on hand, and there is nothing that he specially wants to say. But another editor writes, 'Please write me an article on the poetry of Matthew Arnold,' and the author says to himself, 'There are several things I should like to say about Matthew Arnold's poetry,' and the more he thinks about it the more he has

to say; so he writes back to the editor that he will grant his request with pleasure. The other day I met a lady who writes a good deal for the press, and is the author of several books. 'I do like to write for Mr. ———,' she said naming a certain editor, 'because he always suggests a subject for me to write about.' I quite sympathize with this feeling. If I am asked to write 'something,' I postpone the writing and may never do it; but if I am asked to write something in particular, and by a given time, I usually do it at once.

'WAIT FOR STANLEY'S own book,' says the advertisement of Charles Scribner's Sons, and I should advise the public to do so. I saw a Stanley book, or rather a 'prospectus' of one, that was not 'Stanley's own,' the other day, and it was fearfully and wonderfully made. I think there were at least eight hundred pages, an endless variety of maps, and a dozen or more of colored prints, besides several hundred engravings. The letter-press was apparently made up of newspaper-clippings and magazine articles, the illustrations being taken from every conceivable source. This book will be in the hands of agents long before 'Stanley's own,' and I have no doubt but that thousands of confiding people all over the country will be led to believe by the glib-tongued pedlars that this is the Simon-pure and 'Stanley's own' the impostor.

IN A RECENT interview Dr. Amelia B. Edwards would make us feel rather ashamed of 'patronizing' free libraries, if we did so. She says:—

I do not believe that America encourages authors as much as we do in England. In England the circulating-libraries, supported by subscription, are leading patrons of authors. Those libraries purchase large numbers of new books, for which the publishers and authors receive fair prices. We have free libraries, but they are patronized almost exclusively by the poor people. We consider it mean for people who can afford to support the subscription libraries to get their books at the free libraries. Nearly all the books in the course of time are issued in cheap editions and reach the free libraries, but this is not until they have been in the subscription libraries and the authors have received a fair recompense.

I do not think that many well-to-do people take books from the New York Free Circulating Library, but they do take them from such free libraries as the Boston Public. The English subscription libraries are made necessary by the high price of English novels. America is the home of the one-volume novel and her people need not subscribe to any library to get it, for its price brings it within the reach of all.

WHEREVER an American goes, whatever he undertakes to do, his ambition is always to 'break the record,' and it is an ambition that is often gratified. A typical American is Dr. Howard Crosby's oldest son, ex-Assemblyman Ernest H. Crosby, of this city, who recently went out to Egypt as one of the Judges of the Mixed Tribunal. In November and December last, Judge Crosby made decisions in twenty cases at Port Said, the trials being conducted in French. The report comes that he 'came near breaking the record' in cases decided. The greatest number for the same length of time is twenty-three. Other judges have tried seventeen and ten cases, but only two have reached twenty or more. Judge Crosby, I am convinced, will break this record or resign his post. An American Daniel does not come to judgment in the effete monarchies of the East for nothing.

The Evening Post prints the text of a bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Ingalls, and doubtless emanating from some prohibition society in Kansas. We quote the opening clauses:—

Be it enacted by the senate and house of Representatives of the united states of America in Congress Assembled:

That from and after the Passage of this act the Inter Commerce Laws shall be Amended by adding thereto the Following section

That any Person or Persons shipping into an other state or Territory any Intoxicating Liquors that the laws of the state or Territory Forbids the sale of the same shall be guilty of Misdemeanor and upon Conviction thereof shall be fined not less than five hundred dollars more more than five thousand Dollars and one year Imprison at Hard Labor.

No doubt Senator Ingalls shares the contempt once expressed by a member of the honorable body to which he belongs for 'them demn'd literary fellers,' who spell 'guilty' with a *u* and 'fined' with one *n*. The penalty for introducing to Congress such a document as the above should be a fine (or 'finn') of five thousand Dollars and one year Imprison at Hard Labor—not at picking oakum or breaking stone, but studying Webster's Speller.

GEN. MEREDITH READ writes to the *Tribune* that he has been censured for wilfully neglecting the grave of his great-grandfather,

Gen. Samuel Meredith. No one who knows him could pay the slightest heed to such an accusation. The General is well known to be a worshipper of his ancestors, in which particular he surpasses the veriest Chinaman. Being in Paris when he discovered that his 'native State had failed to take care of its honored dead,' he immediately cabled to Col. Wm. Brooke Rawle of Philadelphia to make up for Pennsylvania's dereliction. Listen to what he says in rebuttal of the outrageous charge so recklessly brought against him:—

Although I only represent General Meredith in the female line, there is no one, as you may easily imagine, who more warmly honors his memory and that of his heroic wife than I do. I may add that my uncle, Henry Meredith Read, is not buried at Belmont, but lies in my family vault in Christ Church, Philadelphia, by the side of his father, the Hon. John Read, of Pennsylvania (son of George Read, of Delaware, the signer), and by the side of Henry Meredith Read's eldest brother, my father, Chief Justice John Meredith Read, of Pennsylvania. In addition to the care of the family tomb in Christ Church, I contribute to the preservation of the burial-places of my ancestors, the Reads, in Delaware, in Maryland and in England.

That Gen. Read did not wait for steamer day, but cabled to Philadelphia his anxiety to assume the care of a family burying-place in still another State, testifies quite as eloquently as the words quoted above to his more than Chinese fidelity to the memory of his progenitors, whether paternal or 'only in the female line.'

APPROPOS OF a recent paragraph in this column, the Boston *Traveller* says:—

There is a curious local instance in Boston of an author—heaven save the mark!—who is said to watch the hotel arrivals, and inflict upon prominent guests a letter begging the purchase of her book, on the ground of the author's (?) great need in supporting a family of children, and enclosing a printed blank for subscription, adding that no money need be sent until the book is received. The letters of supplication appear to be stereotyped, as the wording is always the same. It is a curious case, that has puzzled a good many recipients of the extraordinary epistle.

A LITERARY friend in London—an American—concludes an interesting letter, dated Tuesday, Feb. 11, as follows:—'I offer you a morsel of gossip as a reward for making your way through this letter: Mrs. Burnett left London (she has a house here, you know) on Saturday for Italy, where she is to spend the winter. She has almost recovered from her accident, but is obliged to be very careful, and she goes south by easy stages, stopping for some time in Paris and lounging along the Riviera.'

THE QUESTION OF 'Stepniak's' identity has recently been raised in this column. The *Tribune* makes this contribution to the discussion of the subject:—

The Nihilist who writes under the name of 'Stepniak,' and whose acquaintance we are shortly to make on the lecture platform in this country, is, if not a permanent member of the editorial staff of the London *Times*, at any rate one of its regular contributors, and its principal adviser on contemporary Russian affairs. Although a singularly clever writer, his hands are not unstained with crime. His real name is Kazheffsky, and on Aug. 16, 1878, he approached Gen. Mezenzeff—the chief of the Imperial Russian police—from behind, while the latter was walking with a friend in a deserted street of St. Petersburg, and plunged twice in rapid succession a long surgeon's knife into the General's back, just between the shoulder blades. The assassin escaped, and the Chief of the Police, who had been only a short time in office, expired a few minutes later in the arms of his friend.

The *Tribune* intimates that America is being flooded with descriptions of Siberian 'atrocities' in order to create a popular interest in Stepniak's proposed course of lectures. No doubt, however, another view of the matter is possible.

Boston Letter

THERE are few things, it seems to me, more desirable for a literary man who has to be in the city during part of the day, than a home within easy distance of it, among the attractions of nature. Mr. William H. Rideing has just shown his appreciation of such a home by moving into a picturesque cottage which he has built opposite the Playstead, or children's playground, in the new Franklin Park. From his cottage, which is in the old Colonial style of architecture, he has a delightful view of this noble pleasure-ground, and the Blue Hills of Milton in the distance. To find an equally retired spot, the New York literary man would have to go twenty or thirty miles away, like Charles Barnard at Stamford, or Bronson Howard at New Rochelle. Mr. Rideing is within four miles of the State House, and the Park as seen from what he has felicitously called 'Overlook Cottage,' has the appearance of an old

English manorial park, even to the flock of sheep and the shepherd. A few years ago, the late S. G. Goodrich, so well known as 'Peter Parley,' had a large estate in the neighborhood, and the children of to-day, who probably know little of Peter Parley's 'Annual,' are reminded of it by charming rural walks close to Mr. Rideing's house, called Parley Vale and Peter Parley Road.

Mr. Rideing has succeeded in reproducing the old Colonial house in all its simplicity and picturesqueness. The exterior with its quaint gables suggests the interior with its low studded cosey rooms, and the cheerful hall with its hospitable fireplace. There is a good deal of delicate finish about the wood-work; over the doors are shelves like those at Henry Clay's house at Ashland, suitable for plaques or other bric-à-brac, while one notices on the quaint, old-fashioned stairway the artistic newel-post and fine mouldings. On the walls are choice etchings and beautiful water-colors. The floors of quartered oak are set off by rare Oriental rugs and Chippendale furniture; there are dainty windows of hammered glass, and one of rich stained-glass which has a painting of a ship in full sail on a gorgeous molten sea, the effect suggesting one of Turner's pictures. This beautiful work of art was the gift of Mr. T. B. Aldrich.

Jamaica Plain, where Mr. Rideing lives, is the summer home of the historian Parkman, and a number of our younger literary men live there all the year round. Among them are Mr. Edwin Lasseter Bynner, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, and Mr. John T. Wheelwright. Here, too, the Ticknors, of publishing fame, have long had their home. The name of another resident, Mr. Horace P. Chandler, reminds me of the fact that he founded and edited an excellent periodical, *Every Other Saturday*, which may have suggested to Mr. Howells the *Every Other Week* in 'A Hazard of New Fortunes,' which the Lounger in THE CRITIC has referred to as another instance of the way in which titles of papers are taken from works of authors, as illustrated in the case of *The Pall Mall Gazette* drawing upon Thackeray for its name.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish about the middle of March 'Sixty Folk-Tales' from exclusively Slavonic sources, translated, with brief introduction and notes, by A. H. Wratisslaw, who has been headmaster of two English schools, and is a Fellow and tutor of Christ's College Oxford, as well as a correspondent of the Bohemian Society. The book covers a field which has only been partially explored, Slavonian stories, many of which are extremely beautiful, being unfamiliar to English readers as compared with those of other races. Under the general head of Slavonic Folk-Tales are included Bohemian, Moravian, Hungarian, Slovenich, Polish, Great Russian, Little Russian, White Russian, Bulgarian, Serbian, Croatian, Illyrian-Slovenich and Upper and Lower Lusatian.

'Alexander,' Col. Theodore A. Dodge's military biography, which forms the first of his series on Great Captains, is a very thorough presentation of the art of war as it existed in Alexander's time and earlier, and supplies a want in popular literature on this subject. The numerous illustrations of arms, uniforms, and siege-devices give a vivid idea of the conditions under which war was carried on in ancient days, and the excellent charts and maps make the various battles easily intelligible. Col. Dodge's extensive research and military experience impart a peculiar value to this book, which gives a vivid idea of the achievements of the great Macedonian, and is one of the most important of the recent publications of Houghton Mifflin & Co.

A remarkable collection of Japanese water-colors opens to-day at the St. Botolph Club. They are painted, as their name (*kakemonos*) indicates, on screens which roll up, and embrace landscapes, figure-pieces, and every variety of animated nature. The period represented is early, some of the pictures being five or six hundred years old. There is less brilliancy of color than in modern Japanese work, but there is a wonderful insight, refinement, and suggestiveness. The figures of animals and birds are especially fine; a great eagle on a bough is grand in conception and execution, and puts to shame the eagle on our coins, to say nothing of the same sprawling bird on our tawdry mail-wagons. There are figures here of a religious cast, with golden nimbus that recall the creations of some of the early Italian painters. These water-colors are from the collections of three gentlemen who have studied Japanese art in its home. One of them, Mr. E. F. Fenolossa, is professor in one of the Government colleges in Japan; another, Dr. Wm. Sturgis Bigelow, is a connoisseur in Japanese bronzes, of which he has a unique collection; and the third, Dr. Charles G. Weld, has a variety of treasures of the best period of art in the land of the Mikados.

There has been considerable exaggeration in the newspaper reports of the impression made by 'Count' Roman I. Zubof, otherwise known as R. I. Lipmann, in literary and fashionable circles in Boston. He has figured in a set of good Bohemians, and has visited in a few West End houses, but he has not attained the im-

portance of a lion, and the amount of money he owes is insignificant compared with the sensational sums which have been exploited by imaginative reporters. The interest which he has excited here is due more to his literary than to his aristocratic claims, as might be supposed from his selecting Boston as a place of residence. A member of our Symphony Orchestra—a Pole—says that 'Zubof' does not talk Russian as well as he himself does, and he believes him to be a Polish Jew.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who sails for Liverpool in about a fortnight, is going to Italy with some English friends, and expects to be back in time for the London season. She will spend the later summer and early autumn on the Continent, as usual. Her latest volume of poems, 'In a Garden of Dreams,' has been well received in England, even *Punch* paying tribute to it. George Meredith has written to a friend in this city that 'Mrs. Moulton's volume shows a distinct advance in power.' Such a judgment from such a man, who is proverbially chary in his praises, is quite an honor.

BOSTON, Feb. 24, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

The Washington Memorial Arch

IT HAS BEEN decided to give but one Thomas concert at the Lenox Lyceum in aid of the Arch fund, the date being Saturday, March 22. The following subscriptions, received by the Treasurer during the seven days ending Feb. 25, brought the amount in hand up to \$71,515.12.

\$100 each:—D. O. Mills; John C. Calhoun; John H. Wyman; T. J. Oakley Rhinelander; Mary C. Scrymser; Wm. Gaston Hamilton.

\$50 each:—Fairchild Bros. & Foster; Gordon L. Ford.

\$25 each:—Mrs. Abram Du Bois; Miss Katharine Du Bois.

\$10 each:—Emil Calman; R. G. Garretson.

\$1 each:—Mrs. H. H.; four subscribers to the Women's Fund, through *Commercial Advertiser*.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal

THE RETURN of those distinguished English comedians, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, to the stage of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, has excited unusual interest among playgoers, and their performances have attracted audiences which have tested the capacity of the house. Last week they were seen in two plays, 'The Weaker Sex' of Pinero and the 'Impulse' of B. C. Stephenson, in both of which they achieved marked success. Mr. Pinero's piece, although founded on an improbable story, is an admirable comedy, soundly and brilliantly written, cleverly put together, and constantly interesting. It narrates the fortunes of two women, mother and daughter, in love with the same man. The mother, Lady Vivash, in early youth was betrothed to a boyish lover, but quarrelled with him, and in a fit of pique married a rich old lord, who treated her badly, but died in a short time, leaving her a young widow with an only child, a little girl. Once more free, her thoughts reverted to the gallant young wooer whom she dismissed so heedlessly, and whom she has never heard of since. At the rise of the curtain, she has sought occupation and distraction in a woman's rights society, and is deep in the preparations for a most important meeting, when she hears two surprising things: first, that her daughter, who has grown into womanhood without her suspecting it, has found a suitor in the person of a fashionable American poet; and second, that her long-lost lover, the Philip of her youth, is once more in London. It turns out, of course, that Philip and the poet are identical, and the resultant complications give rise to some very truthful and pathetic scenes. Lady Vivash wishes to sacrifice herself to ensure her daughter's happiness, but Philip sees no other way out of his painful dilemma than flight, and departs, hoping that time will heal the wounds that love has made. Mrs. Kendal played the part of Lady Vivash with delightful skill, unflinching grace, and much true feeling. In the scenes with her daughter, her exhibition of maternal love was wonderfully touching and true, and in her first meeting with Philip, the manner in which she contrived to suggest an almost overpowering emotion, without loss of personal dignity, was in the highest degree artistic. Mr. Kendal acted the difficult, but comparatively small, part of Philip with fine tact and dignity. The whole performance was a delight, owing to the freshness of the dialogue, the skilful contrasts of character, and the neatness of the joiner-work. Even the old and hackneyed topic of the so-called strong-minded woman is treated with some degree of novelty, and made to give point to the moral that love will find a tender spot in the stoutest mental armor ever assumed by the weaker sex, which explains the somewhat enigmatical title of the play.

'Impulse' is a play of far inferior calibre, both in a literary and dramatic sense—absurd in its motive, false in its sentiment, and most improbable in its incidents. It is, moreover, perfectly fa-

miliar here having been played by Lester Wallack's company some years ago. The only excuse for its revival is in the opportunities which it affords to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. The former gives an extremely clever imitation of a heavy British swell, a fox-hunting cavalryman, a big, bashful, blundering, slow-witted but honorable, true-hearted fellow, who rescues a foolish wife from the consequences of her almost incredible folly. No more life-like representation of this type of character has been seen on the stage of this city. Mrs. Kendal enacts the charming widow whose one object in life is to encourage him into a declaration of love, and she endows the part with all the fascination of her own personality. Their united efforts secured the success of the performance, and furnished additional proof of the variety of their artistic resources. The programme arranged for this week was, for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Saturday matinee, 'A White Lie,' a new play by Sydney Grundy; and Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings 'The Queen's Shilling.'

President Eliot on the Press

PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard claims to have been grossly misrepresented in a report in the Boston *Herald* of his speech at the Philadelphia Harvard Club on Washington's Birthday. He says:—

'L. Clarke Davis made a most excellent speech, in which he said that the newspaper writer and editor needed a thorough training, and he thought that the colleges did not take interest enough in the profession of journalism. The speech was so good that I wanted to comment upon it a little, and I did so. My first point was that I believed the right training for an editorial writer was a thorough training in writing English and in history, political economy and modern languages, and that this training could be had in any college with an elective system. Therefore, I thought that the degree of B. A. was better for a journalist than the degree of a special school. Some of the colleges, as you know, have started schools of journalism. I do not believe in them. I believe the right training for a journalist is a thorough training on the lines I have mentioned above. Then I went on to say that it seemed to me, however, that there was something more needed to be done at the other end of the line, namely, that greater care should be used by the managers of newspapers in the selection of their beginners, the younger members of their staff of reporters, especially the space writers. I remember saying that from my personal experience I knew that insufficient care was exercised in that respect, and that I thought it was a great injury to the press and to the profession of newspaper men as a class. Then I illustrated that by saying that in one year four men who were dismissed from Harvard College for disgraceful offences, not for college pranks, were immediately employed upon newspapers. That was the moral of my remarks—that more care was needed on the part of managers in the selection of their young men. Everything that I said tended to the dignifying and elevating of the journalistic profession and not to its lowering. Of course, I never should think of such a thing as calumniating the reporters. I must say that I have found reporters generally an honest and a laborious set of men. But there are not so many good shorthand writers among them as there ought to be, and this is really a difficulty that causes a great deal of the inaccuracy of reporting. The reporters are incapable of making a shorthand report, and they try to give an abstract made in long-hand, or their impression of what they have heard.'

George Sand's Treasures Sold

'MAURICE SAND, dead,' says the *Times*, 'the Château de No-hant is on sale,' and with it the furniture, the carpets, the paintings, 'the splendid portrait by Calametta, the best portrait of George Sand, in the dress of a man, with clothes too large, a cravat negligently tied, a little head that a mass of wavy hair surrounds, the face oval, the forehead apparently higher in the middle than on the sides, the eyes brown, luminous, almond-shaped, the nose aquiline with delicate nostrils that seem to mock, the mouth large, the chin firm, and a grand air of usefulness and heroism.' The auction sale began on Monday and closes to-day (Saturday). In the catalogue is a copy of the 'Chansons of Laborde,' bound by Derome, with the arms of a great ancestor of George Sand, the Maréchal de Saxe.

'After their voyage to Italy, George Sand came to Paris by one road and Alfred de Musset by another. He wrote a book, published by Bonnaire in 1836, entitled "La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle," which was a lock-book clearly autobiographical. In it the story of their disagreement was far from flattering to George Sand. She replied with a lock-book, entitled "Elle et Lui," which gave an entirely different version of the affair. Alfred de Musset's

brother, Paul, retorted with another lock-book, entitled "Lui et Elle," in defense of the first version. Louise Colet, to whom was addressed the lately published correspondence of Gustave Flaubert, intervened with another lock-book, entitled "Lui," which pretended to set at rest but aggravated the quarrel. The letters that passed between George Sand and Alfred de Musset can alone satisfy the curiosity that this love-affair evoked, but they are not to be printed before the end of the century, and ex-President Grévy, who was not in his youth the bourgeois that politics made him, but a poet in the Latin Quarter and a companion of Musset, is their custodian. Maurice Sand was naturally sensitive on the subject, but he was extremely reticent, and he let the impression remain that not a word was exchanged between Musset and George Sand after their return to Paris. In the George Sand library are copies of "La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle," "Elle et Lui," "Lui et Elle," and "Lui." The title of the "Confession" is followed in the catalogue by a laconic note to the effect that it is a presentation copy from the author. The book is bound in *chagrin*, and one cannot but play on the word and think that George Sand's choice of binding was deliberate. If it is not withdrawn, the "Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle" is likely to bring the highest price of the sale. In the sale of the Hamilton Cole library, which is to occur here in April, is a copy of "La Petite Fadette"; also a lock-book, in part autobiographical, of George Sand, presented by her to Henry Harisse, with flowers that she had picked from the garden of Nohant.

The Grolier Club

ON THE NIGHT of Feb. 19 the Grolier Club held its annual meeting—the first in its new clubhouse, described in these columns on Jan. 25. The attendance was very large, and when the voting was finished, it was found that the following Councilors had been elected:—Class of 1893, Samuel P. Avery, Beverly Chew, Albert Gallup, J. Holme Maghee, Samuel W. Marvin; Class of 1892, to fill vacancy, E. H. Bierstadt. President Wm. Loring Andrews, in his annual address, said:—"We have advanced to our present position under the stimulus of poverty; we have now to combat, to only a moderate extent, it is true, the always demoralizing influences of comfort and luxury." Reports received from Secretary Marvin and Treasurer Gallup showed the Club's finances to be in an excellent state. Librarian Chew reported large and valuable additions to the library, consisting chiefly of books of reference. The Building Committee reported the completion of the new house at a cost much lower than it had been estimated it would be, the house and lot together having absorbed but \$53,674.05. The Club elected as its first honorary member Prof. Andrew F. West of Princeton, in recognition of his services in editing its edition of Richard de Bury's 'Philobiblon.' In performing this service Prof. West went abroad and collated all the known texts of the work. The event of the evening was the auction sale of copies of the Club's edition of Wm. Matthews's 'Modern Bookbinding Practically Considered' and of the 'Philobiblon.' Three copies of each were printed on vellum, but as the library retained one copy of each, only four books were left to be competed for. The Curator, Mr. Hector Alliot, acted as auctioneer. 'Modern Bookbinding' was first offered, and first choice of the two copies was knocked down to S. P. Avery for \$50. Beverly Chew got the other copy for \$45. First choice of the two copies of the 'Philobiblon' started at \$100 and ran right up to \$410, at which figure it went to Beverly Chew, for Mr. D. B. Fearing of Newport. Second choice began at \$150. At \$350 the number of bidders was reduced to four—J. O. Wright, J. H. Purdy, Junius S. Morgan, Jr., and E. B. Holden. Soon it was narrowed to a contest between Mr. Holden and Mr. Morgan—the youngest member of the Club. The latter stopped at \$640, and the book went to Mr. Holden at \$645. The edition of the Philobiblon was a beautiful one in sets of three volumes each, the first being in black-letter with highly-ornamented initials rubricated, in Latin; the second being the English translation, and the third a commentary. It took the Club three years to get it up. After the sale the members adjourned to the 'pot-room' where the opening, the sale, and the exhibition of wood-engravings, were celebrated around a flowing punch-bowl.

The exhibition of modern wood-engravings, the works of the Society of American Wood-engravers, begun at the clubhouse on this occasion (572 specimens), included about one hundred cuts which formed the American exhibit of wood-engraving at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889. A majority of the pictures have appeared in our leading illustrated magazines. Most of them show careful and conscientious work, in which the engraver has been only too successful in suppressing his own individuality and in imitating the effects proper to other arts. There is, however, a considerable number in which extreme skill and refinement are joined

to a just appreciation of the peculiarities of wood-engraving and a more or less bold expression of personal feeling on the part of the engraver. Among these we would mention in particular Mr. Cole's angels embracing, No. 35, and Virgin and Child, No. 30, in which the expression of the faces and the decorative values of the old Italian originals are rendered with genuine sympathy. Mr. Cole's tints are too apt to be scratchy, and to fail in attaining the vibratory quality which, perhaps, he aims at: his outline lacks precision (a defect due to the subject, in his reproductions of the old masters); but the merits just alluded to more than counterbalance these faults. It would be difficult to find, since Bewick, a better example of what is properly called 'color' in wood-engraving than the first of the two cuts which we have named. Mr. W. B. Closson's engravings after Leonardo da Vinci and Fuller show a similar expressiveness, more subtle and sustained, but not nearly so full and vigorous. Much the same may be said of several of Mr. King's engravings after F. S. Church and others. The still-life studies by Bonvin (wrongly printed Bouvier in the catalogue), engraved by Wellington, are exquisite little works; and very good engravings are shown by Messrs. Henry Wolf, Frank French, Smithwick, Dana, Aikman, Heinemann, and Johnson.

The Carnegie Free Library

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S gift to Allegheny City—a free public library, costing a quarter of a million dollars—has been in use since the 11th ult., when it was inspected by thousands of visitors, the occasion being further signalized by the opening of a loan exhibition of some 140 paintings. But the formal presentation did not occur till Thursday of last week (Feb. 20), when the donor handed the key of the building to Mayor Pearson, and President Harrison declared it open. Gov. Beaver of Pennsylvania, Bishops Whitehead and Phelan, Prof. S. P. Langley, the astronomer; Mr. Enoch Platt, Baltimore's benefactor in the matter of free books; Members of Congress and of the City Council and many others attended the opening exercises, and listened to the speeches of the President, the Mayor, and the donor of the Library. In the course of his remarks, the latter said:—

I wish also that the masses of working men and women, the wage-earners of Allegheny, would remember and act upon the fact that this is their library, their gallery and their hall. The poorest citizen, the poorest man, the poorest woman that toils from morn till night for a livelihood (as, thank heaven, I had to do in my early days), as he walks this hall, as he reads the books from these alcoves, as he listens to the organ and admires the works of art in this gallery equally with the millionaire and the foremost citizen—I want him to exclaim in his own heart: 'Behold all this is mine. I support it and I am proud to support it. I am joint proprietor here.'

Mr. Carnegie's offer to spend not less than \$1,000,000 in providing free libraries for the neighboring city of Pittsburg has been accepted by the Pittsburg authorities. In making it, he said:—

I think that Pittsburg requires a central building, containing a reference and circulating library; also suitable accommodations for works of art, which, I believe, its citizens would soon provide; that there should also be added rooms for the meetings of the various learned societies of the city. The experience of New York, Baltimore, and other large cities has proved that a central library should be supplemented by branch libraries. Such branches, I think, should be established in the various districts of the city, probably one in Birmingham, another in Temperanceville, another in East Liberty, a fourth in Lawrenceville, perhaps a fifth in the older part of the city. All of these should be thoroughly fire-proof, monumental in character and creditable to the city. To provide these buildings, etc., I offer to expend not less than \$1,000,000. I propose that their location, erection, and management shall be intrusted to a Board of Trustees composed ex officio of the Mayor, the Presidents of Select and Common Councils, the President of the Central Board of Education, and a Library Committee of five, appointed by the Councils; to these I should add the names of twelve well-known citizens of Allegheny County, the libraries to be formally handed over to the city upon their completion, free from lien, in trust for the purposes specified.

The city of Baltimore pays \$50,000 per annum for the support of its public libraries established by Mr. Enoch Pratt, who gave \$1,000,000 for the purpose; but I believe that \$40,000 per annum would be sufficient to maintain those of Pittsburg, and not less than this sum per annum I require the city of Pittsburg to agree to place at the disposal of the Library Trustees, to be expended by them. I am clearly of the opinion that it is only by the city maintaining its public libraries as it maintains its public schools that every citizen can be made to feel that he is a joint proprietor of them, and that the public library is for the public as a whole, and not for any portion thereof; and I am equally clear that unless a community is willing to maintain public libraries at the public cost, very little good can be obtained from them.

Mr. Carnegie's Trustees are:—James J. Scott, the Rev. W. J. Holland, H. C. Frick, George A. Macbeth, Ruben Miller, J. F.

Hudson, David McCarge, W. N. Frew, D. K. Porter, E. L. Ferguson, Robert Pitcairn, and J. B. Jackson.

"Demand and Supply in Literature"

MR. A. M. PALMER presided at a largely attended meeting of the Goethe Society, of which he is President, at the Hotel Brunswick on Monday evening, and Mr. Charles R. Miller, editor of the *Times*, one of the Society's two Vice-Presidents, addressed the members and their guests on 'Demand and Supply in Literature.' He considered at some length the enormous and well-nigh insatiable demand for trashy novels, or what he called literature for immediate consumption. This problem he thought one of the most profoundly interesting of any his theme could suggest—why the many bought bad books when good books were just as cheap. No man or woman would buy unwholesome provisions when wholesome provisions might be had for the same money; and no farmer, mechanic, or artisan would buy imperfect tools when perfect ones cost no more. The influence of this enormous demand for reading-matter that served only to amuse idle minds was felt no less strongly by the periodical and newspaper press than in the field of literature proper. The magazines, he said, had wonderfully improved the art of illustration, but had made no similar progress in their literary quality. The reviews had been popularized so rapidly that at present they pushed the newspapers a hard race in the business of supplying reading-matter destined only for immediate consumption. Mr. Miller then considered how men-of-letters might profit by attentive study of the literary market with a view of finding out what the public wanted, in order that its wants might be supplied by the authors. He pointed out the success that has been attained by writers who have treated social problems with marked ability, by those who have successfully appealed to the interest of mankind in religious matters, and by some who have turned aside from one field in which they met with small success to attain their reward in some other direction. But he was confident that an attentive study of the laws of demand and supply in literature would prevent any writer capable of good work from attempting to supply the demand for worthless trash. In that field there was neither honor nor profit. As he read the literary signs of the times, they showed a clear tendency away from this kind of writing, and a disposition among young, studious men-of-letters in America to set up a high standard, and faithfully to observe it, to satisfy at least their own consciences and give the public the best that was in them. He was convinced that the imaginative writers of America at the present time surpassed those of England both in performance and in promise, and he dissented altogether from the view of those despairing mortals who foresee the extinction of literature because this is an age of materialism and newspapers.

Bayard Taylor's Mother

MRS. REBECCA WAY TAYLOR, mother of Bayard Taylor, was buried on Friday at Longwood Cemetery, three miles from Kennett Square, Chester County, Pa. She had, only a few weeks before, celebrated her ninetieth birthday, surrounded by all of her surviving children, several of her grandchildren, and a large number of old and valued friends. 'Although she had preserved all her faculties to the last,' says the *Tribune*, 'she had, during the last ten years, been so afflicted with rheumatism as to be unable to walk or even stand, and had only limited use of her hands. To the last, however, she was blessed with both good appetite and good digestion, and the rose-tint of her velvet-like complexion faded from her cheeks only when life itself departed. Her favorite seat was the flower-framed window of the "west room" of "Swiss cottage," where every day, even to last Monday [Feb. 17], her wheeled chair was placed, that she might see the shadows chase the setting sun down the valley of "Toughkenamon," made so pleasantly familiar in her son's charming "Story of Kennett."'

Despite the weather, the gathering at the funeral was large, and from distances beyond the neighborhood so far as West Chester and Wilmington, and even Philadelphia and New York. All of Mrs. Taylor's surviving children were present. Dr. Howard Taylor, of Philadelphia, formerly Chief Medical Inspector of the Army of the Potomac; and his sister, Mrs. Annie Carey, had been with their mother in her last hours. Her other son and daughter, William Taylor and Mrs. Lamborn, both of whom were in the West when telegraphed for, arrived home just after their mother died. The Episcopal services for the burial of the dead were read, and Colonel Gourand, a life-long friend of the family (whom Bayard Taylor always spoke of as his 'foster-brother'), paid a tender tribute to the many virtues and striking characteristics of the dead woman, whose youngest son fell at Gettysburg, pierced through the heart at the head of his charging regiment. Mrs. Taylor's

body was placed beside her husband's and between those of the sons, Bayard and Frederick.

The Poet of "The North Shore Watch"

'PEOPLE are asking "Who is Mr. Woodberry?"' says the *Boston Transcript*. 'The question was first asked with emphasis at the time of the publication in *The Atlantic Monthly* of the noble ode, "My Country," signed by the name of George E. Woodberry. . . . Mr. Woodberry is a quiet citizen of Beverly, where his ancestors lived before him. He was born in Beverly and is living there now. He is in his early thirties, and has been known to many persons as a writer and a student as well as a practical man of affairs. He graduated at Harvard in the class of 1877, and went West as professor of English in the University of Nebraska. He remained for two years, then was occupied with editorial work for *The Nation* for two years. He returned to his Nebraska position for two years, and for the past seven years has lived on the shore he celebrates in his threnody, except during absence in Europe. "The North Shore Watch" was privately printed a few years ago, but it now reaches the public for the first time. It is said that several of the strong and well-considered articles on modern books and writers which have appeared in *The Atlantic* during the last few years, came from Mr. Woodberry's pen. In the February number is an unsigned article on Robert Browning, which no careful reader of Mr. Woodberry's only prose volume, the "Life of Poe," would hesitate to give him credit for. . . . Our author is a "proper figure" of a poet—tall, not stout, and of a scholarly look. As you walk in Park Street some day when Mr. Woodberry is up from the North Shore for a day or a week, it is possible that you may see on his way to his publishers one who wears with modest mien the title difficult to be borne, of "the new poet."'

Robert Browning

IN A VERY interesting letter in *The New York Ledger* of Feb. 15—the first of a series, we believe—Miss Ethel M. Arnold describes, among other recent events, the Browning burial in Westminster Abbey.

There was yet another touch of the unexpected and unprepared. Ten minutes or so before the service, the loud knocking of a hammer was heard through the Abbey. Did it come from the grave, or had something needful there been left undone till the last moment? No, the sound had clearly no connection with the Poet's Corner, and came from above; and as one peered up into the roof—never, certainly, was the Abbey more majestic, more worthy of its great dead, than on this day of varied lights—one saw a scaffold against one of the highest windows of the east side, which was being repaired. Thence came the hammering, which was soon stopped; but not before it had left behind it a singular impression of some quite careless or indifferent human being, working noisily away at his daily work, hundreds of feet above the vast and silent gathering below; knowing or caring nothing at all about it. It was just such an incident as would have caught the imagination of Browning himself.

Mr. George E. Woodberry is, we believe, the writer of the valuable study of Browning which appeared in *The Evening Post* the day after the poet's death, as well as of the unsigned paper on the same subject in the February *Atlantic*. Mr. Yates cabled to the *Tribune* on Feb. 24:

I wonder if the Browning manuscripts which are to be sold next month will bring the high prices of the recently sold Tennyson fragments. They are an interesting set, and comprise proofsheets, with the author's corrections, of 'Jocoseria,' 'Ferishtah's Fancies,' 'Agamemnon of Æschylus,' 'Aristophanes's Apology' and others. With each manuscript there will be found an explanatory letter of the writer, which lets one into a secret or two about each book. This dispersion gives a good opportunity to Browning societies to secure a rare fragment of their beloved master.

The Edinburgh Review printed in 1864 an estimate of Browning from which the following extract has been made. The writer seems to have confused the Hon. John Bigelow with the author of 'The Biglow Papers':—

Mr. Browning, in truth, more nearly resembles the American writers Emerson, Wendell Holmes and Bigelow, than any poet of our country. Tried by the standards which have hitherto been supposed to uphold the force and beauty of the English tongue and of English literature, his works are deficient in the qualities we should desire to find in them. We do not believe that they will survive, except as a curiosity and a puzzle.

The Fine Arts

The Blake Drawings in the Quaritch Collection

THE SUPPOSED madness of William Blake and the extraordinary claims put forward for him have perhaps equally tended to obscure criticism of his work. We do not have many opportunities in America to see it except through the medium of engravings or colored fac-similes; yet there are not wanting some who proclaim him the greatest artist since Michael Angelo, nor others who refuse to consider seriously the works of a 'madman.' In our opinion, Blake was only mad nor-nor-west. His literary extravagances are no wilder than the Book of Mormon. Perhaps, if circumstances had favored, he might have found the rôle of a religious impostor a congenial one. In his drawings one will look in vain for any indication of insanity. In several of the very interesting drawings to Milton and the Bible, he shows himself fully under the not very artistic influences of his time. In 'The Garden of Eden' the vegetation grows into Gothic tracery of the Strawberry Hill pattern. In many of the drawings we meet those attenuated figures, thirteen heads high, which we are well enough acquainted with in engravings by Bartolozzi and drawings by Barbier and Cochin and others whom no one has accused of madness, nor even genius. His passion for foreshortening, and his considerable knowledge of anatomy, led him to make a great display of the human figure in all sorts of unwonted positions, comparable to Orcagna's rather than to Michael Angelo's designs. His color, even, strange as it sometimes is, does not appear so remarkable to one who has given even a little attention to the early English school of water-color painting. What is really peculiar in these drawings are the strongly vitalized types which appear, now and then; the never-failing invention, which, for example, has draped his angels with indications of their transparent tissues disguising their outer forms—a trick suggested probably by some anatomical chart; a thorough knowledge of all the appearances of fire, flame and smoke; and a singular mastery of certain chords of color, composed mainly of livid blues, greens and purples.

The most beautiful of his types, representing the perfection of physical and mental health, appears four or five times in these drawings. Eve, in some of the illustrations to 'Paradise Lost,' and the Lady in 'Comus,' are examples. One more generally known is the group of mother and children in his own 'Jerusalem' several times reproduced in engraving. The expression of the face is what is generally described as 'beaming.' An exuberant vitality seems almost to lift the body from the ground. Another well-known type is his expression of Atlantean Force, sustaining or strenuously overcoming the opposition of brute matter. One of the best examples is in the 'Jerusalem,' a team of human-headed Assyrian bulls, harnessed to a plow. The combined power of thought and muscle was never better symbolized. They look capable of ripping the sutures of the earth asunder.

Blake's color, so far as it is properly his, is all based on the study of flames, and of creatures and processes which Mr. Ruskin would have the artist disregard. No one has drawn or colored serpents better. In more than one of the large Bible drawings the coloring is that of bodies far advanced in putrefaction. On the other hand, Blake delighted in the raw tones of healthy flesh exposed to the action of the English climate. His crimson and purple chords are as gorgeous as a Jacqueminot rose. It is characteristic of his bold inventiveness that he commonly renders the blinding effect of intense flame or lightning by black.

Though all of these drawings and colored engravings are worthy of repeated study, they are very unequal. The charming little series of the 'Comus,' a few of the larger drawings to 'Paradise Lost,' and the engravings colored by Blake in the 'Jerusalem' and the 'Heaven and Hell' are best worth seeing. These copper-plate prophecies of his, or rather the designs contained in them, and the engravings to the Book of Job show Blake at his best, and certainly will secure for him a high place among modern artists.

Paintings at the American Art Galleries

AMONG the modern paintings on exhibition at the American Art Galleries are several fine examples of French landscape art, from Decamps to Cazin. Of the former, 'The Tempest,' showing an oak tree, blown by the wind, and a traveller making his way along a muddy road in the face of the storm, is particularly characteristic. There are several examples of Corot's second manner, solidly painted and well studied, among which we may note 'The Bridge' in a brown and rocky mountain gorge; 'The Road to the Sea' along the side of a low hill, with a fine, clearing sky; and 'Les Saules,' some old farm buildings in the foreground, among willows. Of Rousseau there are one or two good, though unimportant, examples. Of Dupré, among other pictures is a very fine 'Rivulet' with tall trees and a cottage on the right, and a distant

wood on the left. 'The Haystack,' by the younger Millet, approaches closely his father's work in similar subjects. Some good Richets deserve attention. A Troyon, 'Strayed from the Herd,' is a capital study of a bull. Courbet's 'Mountain Brook,' Vollon's little study 'On the Seine,' and Wahlberg's 'Swedish Moonlight' are admirable, each in its way. Of figure-pieces, there are a 'Smoker' by Meissonier; an 'Ideal Head,' with blue drapery, by Henner; a small head, 'A Belle of the Campagna,' by Fortuny; a 'Sultana,' by Benjamin Constant; and many other good pictures. These works are from the collections of Messrs. Walter Bowne, William H. Shaw, William T. Evans and the late Bernhard Stern. Among a large lot of decorated and other porcelains in the upper gallery, the visitor will find some good pieces of old Satsuma and a few remarkable specimens of 'ivory white' and 'blanc de Chine.' There are also, in the cases, swords and sword-guards, irons and netsukes, and other articles of Japanese and Chinese art.

Art Notes

THE COLOSSAL statue of Thomas Starr King, on which the sculptor, Mr. Daniel C. French, has been engaged for some time past, is nearly finished in the clay, and was shown to a number of friends and the representatives of the press on Friday and Saturday last. It stands 104 feet high, a size large enough to multiply the artist's difficulties out of all proportion with any impressiveness to be gained by it. We are almost sorry that Mr. French has surmounted these difficulties as well as he has; for the art committees that insist on huge masses of bronze for their money would be properly served if they got nothing else. When cast, the statue is to be erected in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco.

—At the sale on Feb. 20 of some eight paintings by the late Arthur Quartley, N. A., undertaken by the Tile Club for the benefit of the artist's children, Mr. Thomas B. Clarke bought for the Union League Club, for \$1450, the picture called 'Summer Morning, Isle of Shoals.' Mr. Frederick Layton of Milwaukee purchased for the Layton Art Gallery of that city the large 'Port of New York, Queen's Birthday,' for \$1000; 'Loos, Cornwall, Fishing Boats,' for \$275; and 'Plymouth Fishing-Boats at Anchor,' for \$460. Henry O. Havemeyer gave \$705 for 'Three Fishers Went Sailing' and \$425 for 'Morning at Rockaway.' The Fishing-Boats, a smaller sketch of the same subject as 'Three Fishers,' brought \$400, while another 'Three Fishers,' a water-color, sold for \$140. 'Departing Fishing-Boats, Cornwall Coast,' brought \$425. The 'English Channel off Hastings' was run up to \$1030. The amount realized was \$13,044.

—The May *Scribner's* will contain the first of two articles upon Millet's life at Barbizon. Mr. T. H. Bartlett, who writes it, has been long a resident of Barbizon and an admirer and student of Millet's work. He has drawn from many unpublished letters of Millet, and has furnished much new material for illustrating his articles.

—At the annual meeting of the Grant Memorial Association, last week, the fund in hand was reported to be \$141,593.60, and the following prizes were awarded by the executive Committee for designs for a monument of Gen. Grant: first prize, \$1500, to Cluss & Schulze of Washington ('Sword and Laurel'), for an equestrian statue on a pedestal in front of a tall monumental shaft; second prize, \$1,000, to J. Philip Rimm of Boston ('Pro Patria'), for an obelisk; third prize, \$500, to Harsu & Werkelmann of Leipzig, Germany ('1822'), for a pyramid; fourth prize, \$300, to J. A. Schweinfurth of Boston ('Let Us Have Peace'); and the fifth, \$200, to Herbert A. Gribble of London ('D. O. M.'). Sixty-five designs were chosen from, the Committee reserving the right to reject the prize designs when it comes to build the monument.

—Tableaux suggested by the writings of well known American artists were exhibited at the Berkeley Lyceum on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week for the benefit of the Messiah Home for Children, the scenes being arranged by such well-known New York artists as W. M. Chase, C. Y. Turner, J. Wells Champney (who acted as stage-manager), Carroll Beckwith, J. H. Dolph, Percy and Leon Moran, Lockwood De Forest, F. D. Millet, George De F. Brush, Walter Satterlee, Will Low, Gilbert Gaul and Hopkinson Smith. Elsie Leslie and pupils from the Art Students' League took part in some of the tableaux.

—The receipts from the Barye exhibition were in round numbers \$41,000, and the expenses \$22,000. It is stated that there is a loss of \$1,000 on the Life of Barye, but one hundred copies remain unsold, and if these are disposed of the book will yield a small profit. Of the net receipts (about \$19,000) two-thirds, or over \$12,000, go to the American Art Association in return for the use of the galleries, management and attendance for the two months of the exhibition. About \$6000, therefore, will be devoted to the Monument fund, in addition to some \$2000 collected by subscription.

—A noted Russian sculptor, Mr. Kamensky, is at work at his studio in East 14th street on a statue of Ceres and the two frontals

for the Capitol of Kansas at Topeka. One of the bas-reliefs represents John Brown of Ossawatimie and his assistants in their struggle to make Kansas a 'free' State.

—Prof. Blaim of the Munich Academy has designed and Mayer of Munich executed a stained-glass window which has just been placed in the eastern end of the Columbia College Library. The design represents allegorically the career of a studious young woman cut short by death. The window has double lights, each 17 by 34 feet in size, and has been erected by Mr. J. Hankey of Castleton Corners, Staten Island, in memory of Miss Mary Parsons Hankey, his daughter, the first woman who received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Columbia. Miss Hankey was graduated in 1887, and her death took place a year later.

—The Young Men's Christian Association celebrated Washington's Birthday by giving a free exhibition of the large number of costly books of engravings and works on art in its library.

—A large number of people groped their way through the darkened rooms of the Tiffany Glass Co. on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, looking at stained-glass windows through which came all the light there was. Of the thirty-five specimens, large and small, of stained-glass work shown, the best, to our mind, was a large semi-circular window from a design by Will Low, illustrating a passage from 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Christian is represented resting on a hillside under the shade of some trees. To him floats down an angel pointing to the way yet to be traversed. Both landscape and figures are very good, and a rich and sober harmony of colors has been produced. Some small lights, with female heads and busts in glass of very light tone, were also extremely successful.

—Mr. Whistler's recent controversy with Oscar Wilde having called renewed attention to his unique qualities as a writer, 'an American named Sheridan Ford has,' we are told, 'conceived the idea of collecting and publishing all the artist's lectures, pamphlets and letters, and suggested the matter to Mr. Whistler, who, after consideration, refused his consent. He now learns that Mr. Ford has been proceeding without this consent to carry on the project, and actually has got the publication under way, and he accordingly has taken steps to enjoin such publication in England and America.'

—The leaders of the recent 'bolt' from the Salon and founders of the new National Society of the Fine Arts in Paris are Puvion de Chavannes, Dagnan-Bouveret, Meissonier, Cazin, Bracquemond, Dalou, Roll, Gervex, Waltner, Gallaud and Besnard. Foreign artists will be admitted to membership. The Society will open its exhibition, which is to last a month, on May 15, at the Palais des Beaux-Arts, in the Champ-de-Mars. Works submitted by members will be admitted without reservation as to number or quality, but no member can send anything to the Salon.

—A cablegram says that 'the Queen has ordered Angeli, the artist, to paint her portrait for the Prussian regiment of which she is honorary colonel.'

—At the art-gallery of the late Edward Greey, No. 20 East Seventeenth Street, the entire collection of ancient and modern Chinese, Japanese, and Korean works of art, including many pieces lately received, is to be disposed of before May 1, when the business will be closed.

—Mr. Carroll Beckwith is President and Mr. Montague Marks Treasurer and Secretary of a new art organization, the American Society of Painters on Stone. The other members are Messrs. J. G. Brown, Hopkinson Smith, William M. Chase, Alden Weir, Otto H. Bacher, Irving R. Wiles, William Kurtz, T. W. Dewing, Cleveland Cox, H. W. Ranger, Frederick Dielman, Carlton Wiggins, Edward Moran, Thomas Moran, Siddons Mowbray, A. H. Thayer, Bolton Jones and Ruger Donoho. The art of lithography will receive new life in this country from the organization of this society, which has no present intention of holding exhibitions, but will presumably publish works by its members.

International Copyright

AT THE invitation of Mrs. Potter Palmer, A. C. McClurg, Franklin McVeagh, and other well-known citizens of Chicago interested in the question of International Copyright, a meeting was held on Tuesday evening at Mrs. Palmer's residence. Mr. George Parsons Lathrop delivered an address on the purposes and character of the movement, and the Chicago Copyright League was organized on the spot.

At the monthly meeting of the Electric Club, on Feb. 21, a copy of THE CRITIC of Feb. 1, containing Count Emile de Kératry's warning that France would probably show her resentment of our injustice to French authors by refusing patents to American inven-

tors, was used with good effect, the following resolution being adopted by the Club:—

Resolved, That the members of the Electric Club are in sympathy with the efforts of American authors to obtain from Congress a just recognition of the rights of intellectual property, and we hail with satisfaction the prospect of an early passage of the pending International Copyright bill.

Cardinal Gibbons writes as follows to the Secretary of the American Copyright League:—

I desire to say that I am in entire sympathy with those distinguished authors in the earnest efforts they are making to secure from Congress an International Copyright law. Intellectual labor is the highest and noblest occupation of man, and there is no work to the fruit of which a man has a higher claim than to the fruit of mental labor. Many authors have reason to complain in almost the words of the Gospel, 'We have labored and others have entered into our labors.' It seems to me eminently just that adequate protection should be afforded to authors, so as to secure them against what is conceived to be a manifest violation of their rights.

Notes

WE chronicled some time since the foundation at Johns Hopkins, by Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull of Baltimore (a sister of Miss Grace Denio Litchfield), of the Percy Turnbull Memorial Lecture-ship in poetry. On the annual commemoration day, Feb. 22, acting-President Remsen made the following announcement:—

It was hoped and believed that the first course of lectures on the Turnbull foundation would be given this year. Until late in the autumn we thought it probable that Mr. James Russell Lowell would accept the invitation which had been extended to him by the University to give these lectures, but he finally decided that he could not undertake the work at his age. . . . We then found that it was too late to secure a lecturer for this academic year, and reluctantly, though of necessity, we decided to postpone the course until next year. You will be glad to hear that arrangements have just been perfected by which the opening course of the Turnbull Lectures on Poetry will be given next year by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman of New York, whose name is a guarantee for the high character of the lectures.

The University is to be heartily congratulated on having secured Mr. Stedman's services.

—On Feb. 23 the Philadelphia Press said:—'James Russell Lowell is suffering from serious nervous prostration, which renders it impossible for him to appear in the course of University of Pennsylvania lectures next week, a letter recently received in this city giving his physician's peremptory prohibition. Prof. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen will take his place, delivering a course on 'The Novel.' It is now hoped to secure Prof. Lowell next autumn, at the opening of the lecture course.

—Mr. Whittier writes to a correspondent:—'I have reached a time of life when literary notoriety is of small consequence, but I shall be glad to feel that I have not altogether written in vain; that my words for freedom, temperance, charity, faith in the divine goodness, love of nature and of home and country are welcomed and approved.'

—Word came from London last Sunday that 'although both Gladstone and Tennyson are reported ill from heavy colds, Cardinal Newman has entered his ninetieth year in better health than usual, and promises to outlive the Pope.' Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone are both much better.

—'My uncle,' writes a correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, 'though four years the poet's senior, was in the same class with him at Louth, and he used to threaten Alfred Tennyson with a thrashing when he did his Latin verse for him; thus early did he begin to be a poet! To this day he and my father often talk of the tremendous thrashings that "old Waite," the headmaster, used to give them, for even such a small matter as false quantity. I believe both my uncle and Tennyson were laid up for some time with one thrashing. "Old Waite's" portrait hangs in my father's study now, and only a few years ago, shortly before Mr. Waite's death, my uncle went to see him, then a very old man, and he expressed his regret at having been so cruelly free with the stick; and, if I mistake not, he alluded with pride to Tennyson's fame.'

—Mr. Chauncey M. Depew in the characteristic pose of an after-dinner speaker is the subject of a full-page drawing from life, by T. de Thulstrup, published in *Harper's Weekly* for March 1. Prof. William M. Sloane of Princeton contributes an article on 'College Athletics' to the same number. The history of army uniforms in the United States, from Revolutionary times to the present, is the subject of a four-page supplement.

—'Two Soldiers,' by Capt. King, is the novel in *Lippincott's* for March. Julian Hawthorne, Edgar Fawcett and Mrs. Bloomfield Moore are among the month's contributors.

—The order of publication of the twelve volumes comprising the new library edition of Prescott, which the Lippincotts are bringing out, is as follows:—'Conquest of Mexico,' 2 vols. (issued in January), 'Conquest of Peru,' 2 vols. (issued in February), 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' 2 vols. (to appear in March), 'The Reign of Charles V.,' 2 vols. (to appear in April), 'The Reign of Philip II.,' 3 vols. (to appear in May), and one volume of 'Miscellanies' (to come out in June).

—*The Illustrated American* is the title of a new weekly of handsome appearance and varied contents, of which Mr. William S. Walsh, late editor of *Lippincott's*, is editor and Mr. Maurice Minton publisher. Its size is about that of *Harper's Weekly*. It is printed in large clear type, on exceptionally fine paper, which does full justice to the appearance of the illustrations, of which there are many, all of them apparently done by the photo-engraving process. The special feature of the paper is its colored supplement. The first one is a reproduction from Ed. Detaille, which will no doubt find its way into many a frame. Perhaps it would be more in keeping with the name and aim of the new weekly if its supplement were the work of some popular American artist. Among the contents of the number is an interesting article on Bordentown, New Jersey, the American home of the Bonapartes. 'My Trip to Brazil,' by B. P. Stevenson, and the Navy and its new improvements. All of these articles are fully illustrated.

—Mr. Bliss Carman, M.A., of Fredericton, New Brunswick, has been appointed, we understand, to the chair left vacant in *The Independent* by the death of Mr. John Elliot Bowen. Mr. Carman has for many years been a careful student of current literature as well as a contributor of verse and prose to the leading periodicals. He is a cousin of the Canadian poet, C. G. D. Roberts.

—Largely through the intervention of Mrs. Cleveland, who is not only a graduate of Wells College but one of its Trustees, and as such deeply interested in the growth of the building-fund to restore the main building, destroyed by fire a year and a half ago, arrangements were made last week for a talk on American history in the Lenox Lyceum parlors on Friday of this week, the lecturer being Miss Jane Meade Welch of the Buffalo *Courier*, a contributor to the Harper periodicals and a lecturer on American history at Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's school in this city, at the Ogontz school, and at Chautauqua. The Eastern Association of Alumni has promised to raise \$5000 and has already secured over \$3,000.

—Messrs. Harper have published a library edition, in two volumes, of Mr. Howells's 'Hazard of New Fortunes,' originally issued in paper covers and noticed at length in THE CRITIC of Jan. 10.

—Mr. Julian Ralph's weekly *Chatter* is no longer under the ban of Postmaster-General Wanamaker. It was objected to at first on the ground that it 'appeared to be an insurance circular,' because every copy carries a policy of accident insurance with it. Then it was excluded from the mailing privileges of 'second-class matter' because its business manager swore, ten days before the first number came out, that it had no subscribers. This is apt to be the plight of a paper before its first appearance, and it is often as badly off a year later. But, thanks to the immense amount of gratuitous advertising Mr. Wanamaker has given it, *Chatter* has succeeded in getting a goodly list of paid-up subscribers, and Mr. Ralph is informed that he may now call it a newspaper and pass it through the mails as such.

—There is to be a sheriff's sale by Bangs & Co., beginning on March 10, of the books, stationery, stereotype-plates, copyrights, etc., belonging to the late firm of Lockwood & Coombes.

—Chairman Sawyer of the Senate Committee on Postoffices and Postroads offered a bill on Feb. 19 of interest to the publishing trade. Of late years many publishers have issued books in the form of periodicals and under the name of 'libraries.' These volumes, generally in paper covers, pass through the mails as second-class matter, like newspapers or periodicals, paying one cent for every four ounces. Mr. Sawyer's bill provides that such matter shall hereafter be charged for at third-class rates, or 1 cent for every two ounces.

—Rev. Dr. Deems contributes an article entitled 'Discoursing on the Humanities' to this week's *Harper's Bazar*. The same number contains a story by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and a poem by the Virginian poet, Charles Washington Coleman.

—Mr. E. A. Sterns, late of *The Art Amateur* but now connected with a London publishing-house, has conceived a novel idea in the line of guide-books. He has a series in course of preparation called 'Ariel in Europe,' by which the American traveler is shown the shortest cut to the sort of thing an American traveler is supposed to be the most interested in seeing. Certainly the 'Ariel Guides' will have all the attraction of novelty.

—'Heavy Guns and Light: A History of the 4th N. Y. H. Arty,' by Hyland C. Kirk, is announced by C. T. Dillingham.

—The novelty at the concert given eleven months ago in aid of Dr. Felix Adler's Workingman's School and Free Kindergarten at 109 West 54th Street, was the reappearance in this city, after a long absence, of Dr. von Bülow, who led a picked orchestra throughout the evening without once referring to his score. The novel feature of the concert given at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday evening, in aid of the same cause, was the reading of a poem, 'Mozart,' by Mosenthal, set to music, the reader being the distinguished German actor Herr Possart, and the music that of the Symphony Society under Mr. Damrosch's leadership. The actor's rich voice and fine delivery, harmonizing perfectly with the instrumental accompaniment and the spirit of the poem, produced a most agreeable and striking effect. Rafael Joseffy, Frä. Huhn and Herren Reichmann and Vogl were the other soloists, and the success of the entertainment to which they contributed so much adds substantially to the resources of an institution that is doing a most excellent work.

—The *Business Woman's Journal* has changed its form to a more attractive one, and is now published by the Mary F. Seymour Co. Miss Seymour is still at the head of the enterprise, and the management in both the editorial and business departments remains the same.

—By the will of the late Mr. John Jacob Astor, who died last Saturday, the Astor Library receives \$450,000.

—The Memorial Hall and Public Library erected in Wolfboro, N. H., by the estate of John Brewster of Cambridge, who left more than \$1,000,000 for his native town to be spent for the intellectual and physical well-being of the people, was dedicated on Feb. 21. The building cost about \$50,000.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Arey, Albert L. Experimental Physics. 75c. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Australian Poets. Ed. by D. B. W. Sladen. \$2. Cassell Pub. Co.
Ball, Robert S. Star-Land. \$2. Cassell Pub. Co.
Bigelow, John. William Cullen Bryant. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Browning, R. Principal Shorter Poems. 50c. D. Appleton & Co.
Century Dictionary, The. Ed. by W. D. Whitney. Vol. II. \$15. Century Co.
De Leon, T. C. Juny. 50c. Mobile, Ala.: Gossip Printing Co.
Dodge, T. A. Alexander. \$3. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Goethe, Boyhood and Youth of. Tr. from the German by John Oxenford.
Vols. I.-II. \$1 each. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Harrison, L. R. Rothermal. 50c. American News Co.
Harrison, Mrs. Burton. A Russian Honeymoon. 25c. DeWitt Pub. House.
Henderson, J. C. Thomas Jefferson on Public Education. \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Hudson, W. C. Jack Gordon. 50c. Cassell Pub. Co.
Joynes, E. S. German Reader. \$1. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Mattocks, Brewer. Songs of Help and Inspiration. American News Co.
Mooney, John A. Who was Bruno? Catholic Pub. Society Co.
National Needs and Remedies. Baker & Taylor Co.
Norton, C. L. Handbook of Florida. Part I. The Atlantic Coast. Longmans, Green & Co.
Potter, V. M. To Europe on a Stretcher. \$1. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Savage, M. J. Helps for Daily Living. \$1. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.
Savage, M. J. Signs of the Times. \$1. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.
Schaff, Philip. Literature and Poetry. \$3. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Smith, R. N. Emigration and Immigration. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Schultze, A. The Books of the Bible Briefly Analyzed. 20c. Easton, Pa.: H. T. Frcuamff.
Wauters, A. J. Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition. \$2. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.

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